

DH.

'DE WHO'. BBC-TV.

TELETYPE INC.

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

by

Don Houghton

EPISODE TWO.

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

CAST:

DR WHO

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART
JO GRANT
MIKE YATES

THE MASTER

SERGEANT BENTON
FU PENG
S29 BARNAM
DE SUMMERS
THE GOVERNOR (Brigadier Godfrey Tewson)
653 MAILER
TRUSTIE (S24 Vosper)
CAPTAIN CHIN LEE
MR CARR (TK only)
SENATOR ALCOTT (The American Delegate)

EXTRAS:

UNIT SOLDIERS
WARDERS AND PRISONERS
DIPLOMATIC AIDES
GPO WORKMAN doubling for THE MASTER
CHINESE AIDE

SETS:

STANGMOOR CORRIDOR
PRISON: CONDEMNED CELL
PROCESS CHAMBER
HOSPITAL ROOM (UTILITY ONLY)

CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON.
CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON
DOOR OUTSIDE
UNIT H.Q. LONDON
THE MASTER'S ROLLS-ROYCE (INTERIOR ONI
'PHONE BACKING (UTILITY)

EXTERIORS:

Outside UNIT HQ Building
Rolls-Royce, outside UNIT HQ Building
A Government Weapons Research Establishment
Conference Building

EPISODE TWO.

"THE HANDCRA MACHINE"

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OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOON PRISON.

REPLAY 22, EP 1, THUS:

THE DOCTOR IS STILL TESTING THE MALUS-YPHUS CONSOLE AND STILL MUTTERING TO HIMSELF. THE THROBBING SOUND OF THE 'BOX' IS APPARENT IN THE B.C.

DR WHO: (MUTTERING) Trouble is - they never listen to me here... But then the Earth has always had that reputation... Muddle through - never take advice...

BY NOW THE THROBBING SOUND HAS GROWN LOUDER. THE DOCTOR INCLINES HIS HEAD AND LISTENS. HIS EYES NARROW. HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND LOOKS ROUND AT THE 'BOX'. NOW IT'S THROBBING VISUALLY, AS THOUGH IN ANGER.

DR WHO: What on Jupiter...

NOW TINY SPARKS OF ENERGY APPEAR TO FLASH OVER ITS SURFACE. THE DOCTOR'S EYES WIDEN.

FROM HIS P.O.V. WE SEE THE 'BOX' CONVULSING AND DISTORTING. THE THROBBING GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

OPTIONAL

P.O.V. DR WHO; DOCTOR AND 'BOX': FROM OUR P.O.V. THERE ARE ONLY THE SPARKS VISIBLE.

FROM HIS P.O.V. THE THING SLOWLY BEGINS TO CHANGE ITS SHAPE. THE SPARKS BECOME TINY FINGERS OF FLAME. THE 'BOX' SLOWLY TURNS INTO AN ANGRY, WHITE HOT, GAPING FURNACE HOLE.

OPTIONAL

T.O. SHOT: DOCTOR AND 'BOX'; FROM
CUL P.O.V. - UNCHANGED.

HIS P.O.V.: NOW THE APPARITION IS A
 ROARING, SEARING HOLE OF LEAPING FIRE.
 SLOWLY, REMORSELESSLY, THE DOCTOR
 IS BEING DRAGGED, PROPELLED TOWARDS
 IT. HE FIGHTS THE FORCE AS THE RED
 DANCING GLOW OF THE FIRE LIGHTS UP
 HIS FACE. HE STRUGGLES LIKE FURY -
 BUT MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE
 FIRE - UNTIL THE WHOLE FRAME IS ONE
 GIGANTIC FURNACE - WITH THE FIGURE OF
 THE DOCTOR BEING DRAWN INEXORABLY
 TOWARDS IT...

CUR FOR

2. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

FROM THE CELLS COMES THE SOUND OF ANGRY SHOUTS AND YELLS FROM THE UNSEEN PRISONERS, AS IN SC 12, EP 1. THE WARDERS RATTLE THEIR TRUNCHIONS AGAINST THE CELL DOORS, ORDERING SILENCE.

AT THE FAR END, THE CAMERA PICKS UP JO AS SHE HURRIES PAST, STARTLED. UNDER HER ARM SHE CARRIES THE MEDICAL FILE GIVEN HER BY DR. SUMMERS. SHE IS ESCORTED BY A WARDER, WHO HURRIES HER ON.

CUT BACK TO:

3. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR CONTINUES HIS DESPERATE, LOSING BATTLE WITH THE FIRE APPARITION. TINY WISPS OF SMOKE RISE FROM HIS JACKET AND CLOAK.

THEN JUST AS IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE DOCTOR IS FINISHED - THE DOOR OPENS - AND JO COMES IN.

AS SHE DOES THE FIRE APPARITION DIS-
APPEARS ABRUPTLY AND THE DOCTOR IS
LEFT FIGHTING THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE
'BOX'. JO STARES AT HIM IN OPEN AMAZE-
MENT.

K: What's going on?

THE DOCTOR FREEZES - AND THEN GLANCED AROUND PUZZLED AND SUSPICIOUS, SEARCHING FOR THE FIRE APPARITION THAT WAS THERE A SECOND AGO. IN THE B.G. WE CAN HEAR THE NOISE OF THE DISTURBED PRISONERS IN 'O' BLOCK.

DR WHO: The fire...

JO: What?

THE DOCTOR STARES AT THE 'BOX'. JO MOVES TO HIS.

DR WHO: (ADDRESSING HIS WORDS QUIETLY TO THE 'BOX') Ah, so it was you, was it?

BADLY SHAKEN HE SITS DOWN ON THE NEAREST CHAIR, IGNORING JO FOR THE MOMENT.

JO: I'd like to know just exactly what's happening around here. Seems the prisoners are getting themselves agitated - and then I come in here and find you performing some sort of war dance...

STILL IGNORING JO, THE DOCTOR RISES AND GOES SWIFTLY TO THE DOOR. HE OPENS IT AND LISTENS, STARING FROM IT TO THE 'BOX'. THE NOISE OF THE 'Q' BLOCK DISTURBANCE BEGINS TO SUBSIDE.

DR WHO: I see.

JO: Well, I don't! Anyway, the rumpus out there sounds as though it's passing...

THE DOCTOR SLAMS THE DOOR AND THUNDERS OVER TO JO.

DR WHO: (ANGRILY) What are you doing here?

JO: You wanted Kettering's Medical History File - I got it from Dr Summers...

DR WHO: (ICY) But I told you specifically not to bring it back here to me!

JO: I thought it was important...

DR WHO: So are my clear instructions to you. (BEAT) You could have been killed.

JO: I could have been killed?

DR WHO: It so happens I was making some definite progress with a theory...

JO: Looked more like you were fighting some demon that wasn't there.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) It was there.

JO: Anyway, you were right about
lettering...

DR WHO: Of course I was.

SHE HANDS THE FOLDER TO HIM.

JO: He did have a morbid fear of
water.

DR WHO: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) And
I'm not overkeen on fire...

JO: Eh ?

DR WHO: I'd be obliged if you would allow
me to get back to my work now.

JO: (SHRUGS) Alright. Sorry if
I disturbed you.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR - BUT STOPS AND
TURNS BACK TO THE DOCTOR.

JO: Doctor.

DR WHO: Yes ?

JO: What were you doing when I
came in ?

DR WHO: (CAUSTICALLY) My rather
famous impersonation of a hamburger being well
grilled. Does that answer your question, young
lady ?

JO: No.

DR WHO: It will have to do. Close the
door quietly behind you as you leave.

HE GOES OVER TO EXAMINE THE 'BOX'
CAUTIOUSLY. JO MOVES BACK TO THE
DOOR - BUT BEFORE SHE CAN REACH IT -
IT OPENS AND MIKE YATES COMES IN.

JO: Mike...

THE DOCTOR SLAMS DOWN A SCREWDRIVER
HE WAS ABOUT TO USE, SAYING:

DR WHO: It may come as a great surprise
to one and all, but this is not Piccadilly Circus,
nor the Parade Ground at Caterham Barracks!
What are you doing here - and what do you want ?

MIKE: You, I'm afraid, Doctor.

DR WHO: I beg your pardon ?

MIKE: Sorry, but it's the Brigadier's orders. I'm to take you back to London with me. Now.

DR WHO: Tell the Brigadier to go and take a running jump at himself. I have a project of the utmost importance here. If that bumptious idiot wants me in London - then he'll have to have me carried back there by force!

MIKE: (GRINS) That, too, if necessary I have a UNIT 'copter outside.

DR WHO: There's a crisis here.

MIKE: We're not enjoying a spinsters' tea party down in London, either, Doctor.

DR WHO: Politicians often get themselves killed. It's developed into an occupational hazard.

MIKE: But this particular 'hazard' could wreck an important World Peace Conference

THE DOCTOR, FOR A MOMENT, LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S GOING TO PROTEST AGAIN. BUT INSTEAD HE JUST SIGHS WITH WEARY FRUSTRATION.

DR WHO: I wonder when this silly little planet will learn its lesson. (BEAT) Very well, Mike, I'll come to London.

MIKE: Thank you.

DR WHO: Under protest.

MIKE: Of course.

THE DOCTOR TURNS TO JO.

DR WHO: Jo.

JO: Yes?

DR WHO: For once in your young life - do you think you could do just as I ask?

JO: Doctor, I assure you...

DR WHO: Have the Governor lock and bar that door. I advise that no one - I repeat, young lady - no one is to come into this room. Do you understand that?

JO: Yes, but...

DR. WHO: (HEAVILY) No 'buts', Jo. I consider that 'box' over there to be lethal. I don't think it would be exaggerating to say that it is potentially more dangerous than a whole mountain of your puny, wretched hydrogen bombs.

MIKE: You're joking...

DR. WHO: (STERNLY) No, Mike, I am not. I only wish to goodness I were.

JO STARES AT THE 'BOX' AGHAST. MIKE AND THE DOCTOR MOVE TO THE DOOR.

DR. WHO: Come on, Jo.

MIKE: You want her to stay here at Stangdoor, Doctor?

DR. WHO: For the time being. I want a report on the situation - hour by hour. I want to know immediately if anything strange or untoward happens. Anything.

JO: Yes, Doctor.

DR. WHO: And above all else - keep away from this room!

WITH A LAST LOOK AT THE 'BOX' THE DOCTOR USHERS JO OUT BEFORE HIM. MIKE FOLLOWS - AND WE HEAR THE DOOR BEING LOCKED BY THEM FROM THE OUTSIDE.

COME IN ON THE 'BOX'. VERY FAINTLY WE CAN HEAR THAT THROBBING NOISE.

CUT OR MIX TO:

EX 1. Outside UNIT HQ Building. Day.

In the foreground there is one of those PO barriers around a hole in the ground with a small workman's 'tent' or canvas cowl beside it. Obviously some maintenance on telephone lines. However, at this point we shouldn't draw attention to it. Instead the CAMERA might ZOOM SLOWLY IN on the nameplate on the building, to identify it. It says: U.K. DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS, U.N.I.T. COMMAND.

4. INT. UNIT H.Q., LONDON. LATER.

PLenty of activity, as usual. THE BRIGADIER IS SPEAKING ANIMATEDLY ON THE TEL. PHONE.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) ...Yes, Foreign Secretary, I fully understand. And I assure you we are doing everything in our power to get to the bottom of this business.

SERGEANT BENTON COMES IN, A VERY WORRIED LOOK ON HIS FACE. HE STANDS RIGIDLY IN FRONT OF THE BRIGADIER'S DESK, WAITING FOR THE LATTER TO FINISH HIS CONVERSATION. THE BRIGADIER DOESN'T NOTICE HIM.

BRIGADIER: (CONTINUES) Yes, sir, I am having an - expert - flown down to London. He should be here any minute. In the meantime, I have everyone connected with the case under the strictest surveillance. As for Captain Chin Lee, she is being watched by one of my ablest men - Sergeant Benton.

THE SERGEANT RAISES HIS EYES APPREHENSIVELY TO THE CEILING.

BRIGADIER: (STILL INTO THE PHONE) Yes, sir - immediately I have any news. Very good, sir.

AND THE BRIGADIER SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE. HE'S ABOUT TO CALL OUT TO ONE OF THE UNIT CLERKS - WHEN HE SEES BENTON.

BRIGADIER: (STARTS) Sergeant Benton!

BENTON: Sir!

BRIGADIER: You're supposed to be watching that girl!

BENTON: Yes, sir!

BRIGADIER: Where is she?

BENTON: I - I have to report I've - lost her, sir.

BRIGADIER: (EXPLODES) Lost her!

BENTON: She gave me the slip. One minute I had her well in sight - and the next...

BRIGADIER: Where did this happen?

BENTON: Trafalgar Square, sir.

BRIGADIER: You bungling, incompetent...

BENTON: (WRETCHEDLY) Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: If I have to go, cap in hand, to Special Branch... (WORDS FAIL HIM)

BENTON: I can't understand it, sir. I wasn't more than six feet from her. Then I got this sort of throbbing feeling in my head - can't really explain it. Next moment - she was gone.

BRIGADIER: Don't give me that hogwash! You've been in the Service long enough to know that I won't swallow a story like that. 'Throbbing feeling in my head...' Dismiss, Sergeant! I'll have more to say to you later!

BENTON: Yes, sir!

SERGEANT BENTON SALUTES AND MOVES OFF. THE BRIGADIER, FUMING WITH ANGER, SHOUTS:

BRIGADIER: Isn't Captain Yates back yet?

THE SCRAMBLER PHONE ON HIS DESK RINGS. THE BRIGADIER ANSWERS IT.

BRIGADIER: (INTO THE PHONE) Yes? What The NRM Escort Schedule? Yes, it's all in hand. Captain Yates has the details. Yes, Mr Carr, I realise that you want to get the Rocket away from your establishment as soon as possible - but yours isn't the only problem I have on my hands at this time!

MIKE AND THE DOCTOR WALK IN. THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE BRIGADIER SOURLY.

BRIGADIER: (STILL INTO PHONE) I shall have the Schedules despatched to you just as soon as they are ready!

AND HE SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE ANGERILY.

DR WHO: (BITINGLY) I see that you are in your usual sweet, affable mood, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Oh, so you finally condescended to come down, did you, Doctor?

DR WHO: (EVENLY) I didn't 'condescend' to do anything, Brigadier! It wasn't one of my condescending days. I was dragged down here - almost by force!

MIKE SURPRESSES A GRIN IN THE B.G. BUT THE BRIGADIER SPOTS HIM.

BRIGADIER: When you've quite finished grinning like a Cheshire cat, Yates, you can get on with those Escort Schedules. They're screaming for them at the Rocket Research Establishment. They want to get the NRM off their premises and delivered to its Defence site as soon as possible.

DR. AHC: NEA? Is that the much vaunted Nuclear Rocket Missile? The contraption that's supposed to be the ultimate weapon?

BRIGADIER: Yes. And it's supposed to be Top Secret!

DR. AHC: (SHRUGS) Huh, I've got something up at Stangmoor that'd make it about as effective as a yo-yo.

BRIGADIER: And I've got a diplomatic crisis on my hands down here that pales everything else into insignificance.

DR. AHC: (ALMOST GENTLY) Want to bet

CUT TO:

TK 2. Outside UNIT HQ Building. day.

We move in on that GPO hole. We see a GPO WORKMAN busy over some phone cables.

Take in on a CU as he fixes a small transmitting gadget onto a main phone junction box.

5. INT. UNIT H.Q., SAME TIME.

WE ARE AT MIKE'S DESK AS HE TALKS INTO HIS PHONE. IN THE B.G. WE CAN SEE THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER STILL GOING AT IT HAMMER AND TONGS.

MIKE: (INTO PHONE) ...Yes, Mr Carr the Escort will be under my command...

HE STOPS - AS WE HEAR A DEFINITE CLICK ON THE PHONE.

MIKE: (INTO PHONE) Hallo, are you still there? Ch, good. No, for a moment I thought we'd been cut off. Impossible, really. This is a Security Code One line...

CUT TO:

TK 3. Outside UNIT HQ Building. Day.

CU on the gadget fixed to the main phone junction box. We can hear MIKE'S VOICE coming from it on a thin, filtered amplifier.

MIKE: (V.O. FILTER) ...As I was saying, the Escort will be under my command - am will consist of UNIT personnel only...

We lose MIKE's transmitted voice as we follow the WORKMAN - as he clambers out of the hole and replaces the cover. He goes into the canvas shelter nearby.

Then we watch as the WORKMAN slips out of his overalls. Underneath he wears a smart, immaculate business suit. We come in close on his face. He puts both hands under his chin and bends slightly forward. And pulls off a face mask. Now we see that the WORKMAN is, in reality - THE MASTER. He takes a tiny micro receiver from his pocket and slips a small earpiece into his ear. He listens for a moment - and smiles. Leaving the earpiece in place, as though it were a deaf aid, he cautiously looks out of the GPC shelter, to right and left. Satisfied that the road is clear - he walks briskly out - and makes his way over to an elegant, but rather elderly black Rolls Royce parked at the far end of the street.

C. INT. UNIT H.Q. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR ARE STILL AT IT.

BRIGADIER: ...And I hate to bring this up, Doctor, but, technically speaking, you are an alien! (BEAT) Aren't you?

DR WHO: Definitely. Thank goodness!

BRIGADIER: And if I wanted to - I could make things rather difficult for you, couldn't I?

DR WHO: I seem to have heard all this before!

BRIGADIER: Are you - or are you not going to assist me in this case?

THE DOCTOR WAITS AN ELABORATING TIME BEFORE ANSWERING. HE SHRUGS CASUALLY

DR WHO: (AIRILY) Seeing as I'm down here anyway...

BRIGADIER: Thank you!

HE GETS TO HIS FEET ABRUPTLY AND MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

DR WHO: May I ask where we're going?

BRIGADIER: To the Chinese Delegate's suite. The replacement for General Cheng Teik has arrived. His name is Fu Peng.

DR. WHO: M'mm, Fu Peng. Sounds as though he might be Hokkien.

BRIGADIER: He's Chinese!

DR. WHO: (PAINFULLY) Hokkien, Brigadier, as most reasonably intelligent people would know, is a dialect spoken by the inhabitants of the Fukien Province of China. As distinct, say, from the Cantonese, or the Shanghaiese, or the classical Mandarin language...

BUT THE BRIGADIER HAS STORMED OUT. THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS, SMILING. HE STOPS AT AIKIN'S DESK BRIEFLY.

DR. WHO: (SIGHS) I can see it's going to be one of those days.

AIDE GRINS UP AT HIM BROADLY. THE DOCTOR EXITS. MINE RETURNS TO HIS PHONE.

TK 4. Interior of Rolls, Outside UNIT HQ. Day.

THE MASTER is listening quietly to his micro receiver, a satisfied look on his face. But the look falls away. He leans forward looking out of the car window.

From his P.C.V. we see the DOCTOR and the BRIGADIER leave the UNIT building. At the sight of the DOCTOR THE MASTER's eyes narrow angrily.

7. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON. LATER.

THE BODY OF GENERAL CHENG TEIK HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY. THE DIPLOMAT, FU PENG HAS ARRIVED. HE'S A STONE-HARD, UNBENDING MAN.

HE'S GOING OVER SOME PAPERS WITH AN AIDE.

OPTIONAL.
(If space allows.)

7a. INT. DOOR OUTSIDE CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME TIME.

AN ARMED UNIT SOLDIER IS ON GUARD BESIDE THE DOOR. HE SPRINGS TO ATTENTION AS THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGADIER ARRIVE. THE BRIGADIER SHOWS HIM HIS IDENTITY - AND THEN TURNS TO THE DOCTOR

BRIGADIER: Now I warn you, this man, Fu Peng, is tough and difficult, to say the least. He's a dangerous opponent of the West and the worst kind of obstructionist, so let me do all the talking.

THE DOCTOR SHRUGS. THE BRIGADIER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

7b. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, SAME TIME.

IF 7a IS CUT, RUN THIS STRAIGHT THROUGH FROM 7.

WITHOUT LOOKING UP AT THE DOOR FU PENG SAYS:

FU PENG: Enter.

THE DOOR OPENS, THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR ENTER. THE BRIGADIER MOVES STRAIGHT TO FU PENG, ARM EXTENDED READY TO SHAKE HIS HAND.

BRIGADIER: Mr Fu Peng, I am Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart of UNIT Command and I am in charge of all Security arrangements...

FU PENG HAS COMPLETELY IGNORED THE BRIGADIER'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND. HE REGARDS HIM COLDLY AND THEN SWITCHES HIS ATTENTION TO THE DOCTOR.

BRIGADIER: And this is...

THE DOCTOR COMES FORWARD, SMILING WARMLY AT FU PENG. HE IMMEDIATELY STARTS SPEAKING IN FLUENT HOKKIEN:

N.B: IT MIGHT BE RATHER A NICE TOUCH TO SUPER SUB TITLES, TRANSLATING THE DIALOGUE, AS PER A FOREIGN FILM.

DR WHO: ...Sio lang lai keong hee. Sin Seh kow peng an - sio lang chia huah hee la.
(TRANS: ...A wretched person of little importan who welcomes you to this country and hopes you have had a pleasant trip. Your presnace here delights and pleases me.)

THE BRIGADIER'S JAW DROPS AS HE FLASHES A STARTLED LOOK AT THE DOCTOR. HOWEVER FU PENG IS TAKEN ABACK WITH PLEASANT SURPRISE. HIS SCOWLING FACE SUDDENLY BREAKS INTO AN UNEXPECTED, DELIGHTED SMILE.

FU PENG: (TO THE DOCTOR) Wah kam stah lu-eh ee soo. See wah huah hee, lu chin hoh sin. Chi peng huan kok, kang kor kih peng-ee. (TRANS Thank you for your courtesy and your welcome. It is I who am delighted to meet a person of charm and intelligence in this barbaric country.)

THE DOCTOR MAKES A SMALL, COURTEOUS BOW.

FU PENG: (WARMLY) You know my language?

DR. WHO: I've made a point of learning at least twenty or thirty Chinese dialects. If half the civilised world is Oriental - then one should make an effort to converse with them, I always say.

FU PENG: Ah, but so few do.

DR. WHO: And I fear that my Hokkien is somewhat rusty.

FU PENG: On the contrary, it is excellent.

DR. WHO: Well, it's many years since I had a chance to use it. I remember once having a conversation with Jun-Chih, during his Long March...

FU PENG: Jun-Chih! But that is the person's name of Mao Tse-Tung! Chairman Mao!

DR. WHO: He gave me leave to use it.

FU PENG: You know our much revered Leader?

DR. WHO: He did ask my advice about certain scientific problems which had cropped up...

THROUGH ALL THIS THE BRIGADIER HAS BEEN STANDING BY - VERY MUCH IGNORED, AND WITH EGG ON HIS FACE. HE STEPS FORWARD NOW.

BRIGADIER: If we could just discuss the immediate problem...

BUT FU PENG APPEARS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS PRESENCE COMPLETELY.

FU PENG: (TO THE DOCTOR) You will take some tea?

DR. WHO: Thank you.

FU PENG: (TO HIS AIDE) Gio teh lai.
(TRANS: Bring us some tea immediately.)

THE AIDE HURRIES OUT. FU PENG LINKS HIS ARM WITH THE DOCTOR. TOGETHER THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE WINDOW, AWAY FROM THE BRIGADIER, DEEP IN DISCUSSION.

FU PENG: Wah si-aw lu chin kor ee. Lu see te-ar teoh, chih-le bo ho su? (TRANS: You have the look of a man who understands my problems. You have no doubt heard of the great tragedy that has befallen my countryman?)

DR. WHO: See. Ahm sai huan loh. Bio lang chah chut, si me lang sah lah. (TRANS: Yes. And I am here to do all I can to help. Please be assured of my sincerest efforts to solve this terrible crime.)

THOROUGHLY EXASPERATED BY NOW, THE BRIGADIER CAN DO NOTHING MORE THAN FLOP DOWN ANGRILY ON THE NEAREST CHAIR - AND GLARE AT THE DOCTOR.

CUT TO:

8. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

THERE'S A RUMBLING, ANGRY MURMUR COMING FROM BEHIND THE VARIOUS LOCKED CELL DOORS. THE WARDERS LOOK JUMPY AND APPREHENSIVE.

A 'TRUSTEE', ESCORTED BY A WARDER, COMES DOWN THE CORRIDOR CARRYING A BUCKET AND MOP. THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE CONDEMNED CELL. THE WARDER OPENS THE DOOR. THE CELL HAS BEEN EMPTY SINCE 829 WAS TAKEN AWAY.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE 'TRUSTEE' COMES IN AND BEGINS TO MOP OUT THE CELL. THE WARDER SUPERVISES FROM THE CELL DOORWAY, LOOKING AGITATEDLY OVER HIS SHOULDER INTO THE CORRIDOR EVERY NOW AND AGAIN, AS THE ANGRY MURMURS BEGIN TO SWELL LOUDER.

CUT TO:

10. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

THE PLACE STILL LOCKED AND EMPTY, BUT THE CAMERA COMES IN CLOSE ON THE 'BOX' - THROBBING AND PULSING OMINOUSLY.

CUT TO:

11. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

DR. SUMMERS IS CHECKING 829 BARNAM'S PULSE AND RESPIRATION. JC COMES IN.

JC: How is he?

DR. SUMMERS: Fine. (SHRUGS) I use the word in its broadest sense. (TO BARNAM) Visitor for you, Barnam.

BARNAM GIVES JO A PUZZLED SMILE.

BARNAM: Do I know you, Miss ?

JO: (AWKWARDLY) Well, we have
sort've met... That is, I mean...

BARNAM: (FROWNS) It's just that I don't
seem to remember anyone - or anything, much.

JO AND DR SUMMERS EXCHANGE GLANCES.

BARNAM: But I feel alright. Yes, I'm
sure I feel alright.

JO: That's good.

BARNAM: Everything seems to be a bit
of a blank. (GRINS) You wouldn't believe this,
Miss, but I couldn't even remember my own name.
Silly, isn't it ?

DR SUMMERS DRAWS JO AWAY FROM THE
BEDSIDE. THEY SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES.

JO: Amnesia ?

DR SUMMERS: Not really. New character. New
person bereft of any evil impulses.

JO: Oh.

DR SUMMERS: Which makes him either a benign
vegetable - or a saint.

BARNAM CLOSES HIS EYES PEACEFULLY
AND SETTLES HIMSELF TO SLEEP.

CUT TO:

12. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

THE 'BOX' THROBBING LOUDER.

CUT TO:

13. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE PRISONERS' ANGRY MURMURS GETTING
LOUDER AND LOUDER.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE 'TRUSTIE' IS STILL MOPPING OUT THE
CELL. THE WARDER TURNS BACK TO THE
CORRIDOR AS THE NOISE BUILDS. AS HE
DOES, THE 'TRUSTIE' PUTS HIS HAND INTO
HIS BUCKET - AND BRINGS A PISTOL OUT.
UNSEEN BY THE WARDER HE SLIPS IT UNDER
THE MATTRESS ON THE BUNK - AND CONTIN-
UES WITH HIS MOPPING. THE WARDER TURNS
BACK.

CUT TO:

15. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM.
SAME TIME.

JO AND DR SUMMERS AS WE LEFT THEM IN SC 11. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE ANGRY NOISE COMING FROM THE PRISONERS IN 'Q' BLOCK. JO TURNS TO THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND AND FROWNS.

JO: Another disturbance ?

DR SUMMERS: Sounds like it. They've been agitated ever ~~the~~ since that machine came here.

JO: They're angry about something.

DR SUMMERS: Yes. This time I'd say it was Harry Mailer.

JO: Who's he ?

DR SUMMERS: A bad lot. Multiple killer, ex gangster - and the big boss of Cell Block 'Q'. He's next in line for Malusyphus. They're taking him to the condemned cell. After the Governor, Mailer rules this prison.

JO: They're not going to use that machine again, are they ?

DR SUMMERS: Not immediately.

JO: The Doctor says no one is to go near it. He thinks it's very dangerous.

DR SUMMERS: So do I, but the Home Office have sent for Emil Dalbiac, the man who invented the thing. They want him to give it an overhaul before it's used on Mailer. (SIGHS) If Mailer wasn't such a vicious so-and-so - one could almost feel sorry for him.

AND THEY BOTH TURN TO LOOK AT 829 BARNAM.

CUT TO:

16. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

FROM THE FAR END HARRY MAILER No 653, COMES INTO VIEW, FLANKED BY A WARDEN AND THE PRISON GOVERNOR. MAILER IS A TOUGH, VICIOUS KRAY-TYPE THUG - DANGEROUS AND VIOLENT. THE PARTY MARCH TO THE CONDEMNED CELL - TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF SHOUTS FROM THE PRISONERS.

(N.B. SUBLIMINAL INTERCUTTING HERE WITH THE 'BOX' IN THE PROCESS CHAMBER MIGHT BE EFFECTIVE.)

MAILER HAS A COLD, FIXED SMILE ON HIS FACE. HE SEEMS UNPERTURBED BY HIS TRANSFER TO THE CONDEMNED CELL.

THE 'TRUSTIE' AND THE OTHER WARDER STAND ALONGSIDE THE WALL AS MAILER REACHES THE DOOR. THE 'TRUSTIE' SLIPS MAILER THE WINK. MAILER NODS IMPERCEPTABLY.

THE PARTY MOVE INTO THE CONDEMNED CELL

CUT TO:

17. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

AS MAILER, THE WARDER AND THE GOVERNOR COME IN. MAILER GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BUNK AND LIES DOWN ON IT. HE LOOKS UP AT THE GOVERNOR BELIGERENTLY.

MAILER: Well, at least it's private, isn't it?

GOVERNOR: Mailer, you've no doubt heard, through the prison grapevine, that there is a minor fault in the Malusyphus equipment.

MAILER: I heard.

GOVERNOR: This means there will be a delay in the carrying out of your sentence...

MAILER LAUGHS.

GOVERNOR: You find that amusing?

MAILER: Listen, guy, you're never going to strap me into that thing - so you might just as well forget it.

GOVERNOR: 329 Barnam said the same thing.

MAILER: Barnam was small potatoes. Listen to that din out there. They know. Yes, they know they'll never see me take that last walk down the aisle.

GOVERNOR: (QUIETLY) Mailer, they also made that din when we took 329 Barnam from this very cell.

THE GOVERNOR LEAVES THE CELL. ONE OF THE WARDERS REMAINS WITH MAILER.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

AS THE GOVERNOR COMES OUT, THE OTHER WARDER LOCKS THE CELL, AS THE GOVERNOR SAYS:

GOVERNOR: We're going to have trouble with him. In the meantime, let's get this Block back to order.

CUT BACK TO:

19. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

MAILER'S WARDER IS OVER BY THE DOOR, CHECKING THE LOCK FROM HIS SIDE. AS HIS ATTENTION IS AVERTED, MAILER LIFTS THE CORNER OF HIS MATTRESS AND TAKES THE GUN QUICKLY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE. HE STUFFS IT INTO HIS BELT UNDER HIS SHIRT. BY THE TIME THE WARDER TURNS BACK MAILER IS AGAIN LYING BACK ON THE BUNK.

CUT TO:

20. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

CLOSE ON THE 'BOX', STILL THROBBING ANGRILY, BUT NOW WITH TINY SPARKS OF ENERGY DARTING FROM IT.

CUT OR MIX TO:

21. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON SAME TIME.

FU PENG AND THE DOCTOR ARE NOW CHAT-
TING PLEASANTLY OVER THEIR TEA - BUT
NO ONE HAS THOUGHT TO OFFER THE
FUMING BRIGADIER ANY. HE SITS GLOWEEN
AT THEM.

FU PENG: Sin Seh lai chiah - la. Lang
noh lang hoh cham stang. (TRANS: I hope you
will do me the honour of dining with me some time
soon. I feel certain that we have many interests
in common.)

SUBTITLE (?)

(*N.B: Second name is the
'christian' name for the
Chinese.)

DR WHO: (IN ENGLISH) Well, that's very
kind of you, my dear Peng*. I shall be delighted
to have dinner with you soon. But first we must
get this wretched business cleared up, mustn't we?

BRIGADIER GETS TO HIS FEET. AS FU PENG
AND THE DOCTOR RISE.

BRIGADIER: There are a few questions I
should like to...

FU PENG: (TO THE DOCTOR) I shall order
dried squid, stewed jellyfish and pork cooked in
shrimp paste.

THE BRIGADIER MAKES A FACE.

DR WHO: Sounds delicious.

FU PENG: Till our next meeting then, my
dear friend.

THEY SHAKE HANDS AND BOW COURTEOUSLY
TO EACH OTHER, STILL IGNORING THE
BRIGADIER WHO, ONCE AGAIN, HAS HIS
HAND HELD OUT - WITH NO ONE TAKING
ANY NOTICE.

BRIGADIER: I really must insist on asking...

DR WHO: (TO THE BRIGADIER) I think
we might go down to the Morgue, Brigadier. I
should like to have a look at General Cheng Teik's
body.

AND THE DOCTOR SMILES ONCE AGAIN TO
FU PENG - AND MOVES TO THE DOOR. THE
BRIGADIER STILL HAS HIS HAND EXTENDED -
BUT FU PENG TURNS AWAY FROM HIM AND
TIRES BACK TOWARDS THE WINDOW. HOW-
EVER, THE AIDE, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK A
WORD OF ENGLISH, GRASPS THE BRIGADIER'S
HAND AND PUMPS IT, VIGOROUSLY. THE
BRIGADIER WHIPS HIS HAND AWAY -
SCOWLING - AND FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR
OUT.

CUT TO:

21a. INT. DOOR OUTSIDE THE CHINESE
DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME TIME.

OPTIONAL.
(If space allows)

AS THE DOCTOR, FOLLOWED BY THE
BRIGADIER, COMES OUT.

BRIGADIER: (SARCASTICALLY) So you
and Chairman Mao were great buddies, eh?

DR WHO: Actually - no.

BRIGADIER: Ha !

DR WHO: It was his grandfather I knew well

AND THE DOCTOR WALKS ON, FURIOUS,
THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO THE UNIT SENTRY

BRIGADIER: (TO THE SENTRY) You!
Square off that cap!

AND HE STORMS AFTER THE DOCTOR.

CUT TO:

22. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

MIKE IS ON THE PHONE. SERGEANT BENTON STANDS IN FRONT OF HIM.

MIKE: (INTO PHONE) ...No, we've arranged for only three check points, Mr Carr. And the escort will be kept to an absolute minimum. If I take a full Company of men with me it'll draw attention to the whole operation. Secrecy is of the utmost importance. The fewer people who know about the Rocket's movement - the better. We shall be arriving at the factory within the next three hours. Thank you, Mr Carr.

MIKE REPLACES THE PHONE AND MAKES SOME NOTES.

BENTON: Minimum escort, Captain ?

MIKE: 'Fraid so, Sergeant.

HE PICKS UP THE PHONE AGAIN AND BEGINS TO DIAL ANOTHER NUMBER.

BENTON: That's a bit dodgy, isn't it ? Transporting a Nuclear Rocket - with a minimum escort ?

MIKE: On back roads, too! (INTO PHONE) Hallo, Ordnance ? This is Captain Yates. I want to draw arms and ammunition for a minimum escort detail, Security Number 2795/4A/22...

CUT TO:

(INT or TK)

23. INT. MASTER'S ROLLS-ROYCE. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER QUIETLY LISTENING IN TO MIKE'S PHONE CONVERSATION.

CUT OR MIX TO:

24. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON. A LITTLE LATER.

COME IN CLOSE ON THE 'BOX' THROBBING EVEN LOUDER, SPARKS FLASHING AND CRACKLING ABOUT IT.

CUT OR MIX TO:

25. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

OVERLAP THE THROBBING SOUND INTO THIS SCENE - AND OPEN ON A C.U. OF MAILER TO LINK IN WITH THE 'BOX'.

WIDEN TO SHOW THE CELL DOOR OPENING. A WARDER COMES IN WITH MAILER'S FOOD. HE HANDS IT TO MAILER'S WARDER. AT THAT MOMENT MAILER SPRINGS FROM THE BUNK, WHIPS OUT THE PISTOL, GRABS THE NEAREST WARDER ROUND THE NECK AND PRESSES THE GUN BARREL TO THE MAN'S TEMPLE.

MAILER: (VICIOUSLY) One false move - and your chum here is a dead man!

THE OTHER WARDER FREEZES.

MAILER: That's it. Now - the keys, Screw The keys to the whole Block!

SLOWLY THE WARDER TAKES A BUNCH OF KEYS ON A CHAIN FROM HIS POCKET.

CUT TO:

26. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

MIKE AND SERGEANT BENTON ARE PREPARING TO LEAVE - WHEN THE BRIGADIER AND THE DOCTOR COME IN.

DR WHO: (TO THE BRIGADIER) ...But you didn't tell me on the phone about the scorch marks on General Cheng Teik's body.

BRIGADIER: The Police Doctor said he died of shock. No one knows how the marks got there. That's part of your job to find out.

DR WHO: Well, if you'd told me earlier...

BRIGADIER: (TO MIKE) You ready to leave, Yates?

MIKE: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: Is the Sergeant part of your detail?

MIKE: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: (ICY) Well, be careful he doesn't lose anything on the way. Especially Chinese girls. He's very good at losing them! Important Diplomatic Aides...

DR WHO: (SUDDENLY) Chinese girl?

BRIGADIER: Yes. Benton was supposed to be keeping Captain Chin Lee under surveillance. He lost her in Trafalgar Square! Can you credit that? I mean, how many Chinese girls would there be in Trafalgar Square at any given time? And in uniform, too!

DR WHO: (EXASPERATED) That's something else you didn't tell me, Brigadier!

BRIGADIER: What?

DR WHO: Has she been found yet?

BENTON: No, sir.

DR WHO: (THOUGHTFULLY) Pity... Pity (TO HIMSELF) Chinese girl... Emil Dalbiac's assistant was a Chinese girl... Stangmoor - London...

BRIGADIER: (TO MIKE) Alright, Yates. Carry on.

MIKE NODS TO BENTON. THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR.

BRIGADIER: (TO MIKE) No slip-ups.

MIKE: Slip-up with that Rocket, sir - and half the countryside slips up with us, eh?

HE AND THE SERGEANT EXIT.

DR WHO: Are you shifting that Nuclear Rocket at this time, Brigadier?

BRIGADIER: Yes.

DR WHO: When the Major Powers are in London - about to start a Summit Peace Conference?

BRIGADIER: You don't think it's my idea, do you?

DR WHO: Madness! If any one of those Delegates gets to hear of it...

BRIGADIER: Yes, I know! But my orders come from the top! They want the NKM moving from the Experimental Works - and taken to its Defence Site - now! I've ~~managed~~ argued until I'm blue in the face...

DR WHO: You could have refused to carry out the order.

BRIGADIER: (QUITE SERIOUSLY) Are you mad? I'm a soldier!

DR WHO: And a blithering idiot, to boot!

THE BRIGADIER IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE AT THIS. BUT THE DOCTOR HOLDS UP HIS HAND IN A GESTURE OF PEACE.

DE WHO: Alright, alright! I'll withdraw that - for the time being. Shuttling lethal Rockets all over the countryside whilst there's a Peace Conference going on is your responsibility ...

BRIGADIER: And getting to the bottom of General Cheng Teik's death is yours!

DE WHO: The first move there, is to find out more about this Chinese girl.

CUT TO:

(INT or TK)

27. INT. MASTER'S ROLLS-ROYCE. SAME TIME

AS THERE IS NO PHONE ACTIVITY OF ANY INTEREST AT UNIT HQ, THE MASTER IS SITTING BACK COMFORTABLY IN HIS SEAT. HE TAKES THE EAR-PIECE OUT OF HIS EAR AND THEN SLOWLY TURNS HIS HEAD - AS THE CAR DOOR OPENS, CHIN LEE GETS IN. SHE SITS DOWN BESIDE OR OPPOSITE HIM. THERE CAN BE HEARD THE VERY FAINTEST OF THROBBING NOISES AS SHE ENTERS - PRESUMABLY COMING FROM HER.

MASTER: You are late, Captain.

CHIN LEE: My apologies. I had difficulty in losing the man who was set to watch me.

HER EXPRESSION IS STRANGE AND DISTANT, AS THOUGH HER VOICE WAS BEING PROMPTED BY SOME UNSEEN FORCE.

MASTER: I have a task for you.

CHIN LEE: Yes.

MASTER: The Peace Conference will be starting very soon.

CHIN LEE: In a few hours' time.

MASTER: The American Delegate, Captain - he is to be destroyed.

CHIN LEE: Yes.

MASTER: Before he gets to the Conference Building.

CHIN LEE: In the same way as General Cheng Teik?

MASTER: No. Variety is the spice of life - and death, Captain. I doubt if it will be the same.

THE MASTER'S MICRO RECEIVER BLIPS.
HE PUTS THE EAR-PIECE BACK AND LISTENS
CUT TO:

25. INT. UNIT H.C. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS SPEAKING ON HIS RED
PRIORITY PHONE.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) ...Yes. Yes,
Governor. A full scale riot of prisoners in Cell
Block 'C'...

THE DOCTOR MOVES QUICKLY TO HIM.

DR WHO: Stangmoor ?

THE BRIGADIER NODS.

BRIGADIER: Yes, the Doctor is here with me,
sir.

DR WHO: Jo Grant - is she alright ?

BRIGADIER: Governor, there's one of my
officers there - Lieutenant Josephine Grant...
(PAUSE)

DR WHO: Well ?

BRIGADIER: (CUPPING HIS HAND OVER THE
RECEIVER) Yes, she's safe. She's in the
Prison Hospital with the Medical Staff.

DR WHO: (RELIEF) Let's hope she has
the sense to stay there.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) Thank you, sir.
Yes. We appreciate it very much. Goodbye,
Governor.

HE REPLACES THE PHONE. THE DOCTOR
TURNS AWAY.

DR WHO: Right! That settles it, I'm going
back up there.

BRIGADIER: You'd be wasting your time. The
Governor says that the riot has been isolated.
And the trouble is being contained. By the time
you got there it would be all over.

DR WHO: Would it ?

BRIGADIER: He assured me the trouble was
being contained. (BEAT) This business up at
Stangmoor - is there any connection ?

DR WHO: I think so.

BRIGADIER: But Stangmoor's miles away.

DR WHO: Distance has nothing whatsoever to do with it. The disappearance of that Chinese girl, the General's death, the deaths and the riots up at Stangmoor - all are linked together. And all revolve about that Peace Conference. (BEAT) All except - the 'box'.

BRIGADIER: Box ?

DR WHO: (DEEP IN THOUGHT) But the Chinese girl - yes, perhaps even she links up with that! And if she does... (TO THE BRIGADIER) I hope the Governor was right. I hope he can contain that riot up there!

CUT TO:

29. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

MAILER HAS RELEASED THE PRISONERS IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA - ONE OF THEM IS THE 'TRUSTIE'. THE WARDERS, ARMS RAISED, ARE STANDING FACING THE WALLS, EACH ONE GUARDED BY AN ESCAPER. WELL IN THE B.G. WE CAN HEAR AN ALARM SIREN BLARING OUT.

TRUSTIE: They've got the Block surrounded

MAILER: They won't come in. Not whilst we've got some of their Screws here.

TRUSTIE: But we can't get out, either, Harry!

MAILER: Not yet.

TRUSTIE: And we can't just stay here like this...

MAILER: What we need is more hostages. Important hostages.

TRUSTIE: Huh, where're we going to get them from ?

MAILER: If some of us cut round behind the Kitchens - we can get to the Prison Hospital. We can grab one of the Doctors.

TRUSTIE: Yeah!

MAILER: (TO ONE OF THE PRISONERS) Beely, you and the others stay here. If any of them Screws do more than blink - kill em!

MAILER, THE TRUSTIE AND ONE OR TWO OTHERS MOVE QUICKLY OUT.

CUT BRIEFLY TO:

30. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, SAME TIME,

JUST A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE 'BOX'
SPLUTTERING AWAY.

CUT TO:

31. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM,
A LITTLE LATER,

DR SUMMERS IS TRYING TO USE THE
TELEPHONE. JO IS AT 829 BARNAM'S
BEDSIDE. THE LATTER JUST STARES
DREAMILY AT THE CEILING. DR SUMMERS
REPLACES THE PHONE.

DR SUMMERS: Line's dead. I think you'd better
leave here and go to the Administration Block,
Miss Grant.

JO: What about you ?

DR SUMMERS: I must stay with my patients.

JO: We may be cut off.

DR SUMMERS: I doubt it. The trouble is in
'Q' Block and that's quite some distance... (THE
WORDS DIE ON HIS LIPS)

DR SUMMERS VERY SLOWLY BACKS AWAY
AND RAISES HIS HANDS. JO LOOKS AT HIM
PUZZLED - AND THEN TURNS - TO SEE
MAILER COMING IN, WITH THE GUN IN HIS
HAND. THE TRUSTIE IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

MAILER: (TO THE TRUSTIE) We've struck
it lucky. We've got ourselves a bonus.

TRUSTIE: A woman!

MAILER: (CHUCKLES EVILLY) Lady,
you've just become my passport out've here!
(TO THE TRUSTIE) Okay, let's get these two
back to 'Q' Block.

THE TRUSTIE GRABS DR SUMMERS AND
PUTS A VICIOUS ARM LOCK ON HIM - AND
PROPELS HIM OUT OF THE DOOR.

MAILER: (TO JO) Give me any trouble -
and you're a gonner, darling - alright ?

HE MOTIONS JO TO THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

32. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. LATER.

THE DOCTOR IS PACING UP AND DOWN, DEEP IN THOUGHT. IN THE F.G. THE BRIGADIER IS AT HIS DESK, TRYING TO WORK.

BRIGADIER: (WITH A TOUCH OF SARCASM) You making any progress? I wouldn't have thought you'd find the answers here.

DR WHO: I'm not leaving this place until I hear some more news from Stangmoor.

BRIGADIER: Look, I'm as worried about Lieutenant Grant as you...

DR WHO: It's not just her - it's that 'box'.

BRIGADIER: You keep nattering on about that 'box'!

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) The epitome of evil, the Pandora chest - and it's not yet finished with us... There's worst to come, I know it! Just how much power does it have, that's what I want to know.

BRIGADIER: What about General Cheng Teik - and the Peace Conference...?

HIS PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS IT.

BRIGADIER: (INTO THE PHONE) Hallo, Lethbridge-Stewart here. Yes, Sergeant. You've arrived - good. No problems? Alright, keep me informed.

HE PUTS THE RECEIVER DOWN.

BRIGADIER: Captain Yates is taking delivery of the Rocket. So far that particular operation has gone without any snags.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) The Rocket - now I wonder if that is linked in - in some way?

CUT TO:

TK 5. A Weapons Research Establishment. Day.

MIKE and MR CARR, the latter a typical scientific, worried looking, boffin-type, are standing talking in front of a large, articulated lorry. The back of it is shrouded in with a large canvas canopy. Some UNIT SOLDIERS are securing this - and we might get a glimpse of the nose of the N.M. Rocket, to establish. There are hangar type buildings in the B.G. MIKE is looking at the canopy apprehensively.

MIKE: What do you mean, the thing's unstable, Mr Carr?

MR CARR: Look, Captain, the War Office hurried us over the development of the NRM. There were a lot of accidents when we started testing it...

MIKE: Well, it's a fine time to tell us that!

In the B.G. SERGEANT BENTON comes into view and joins the other UNIT SOLDIERS.

MR CARR: It's alright as long as it's set in its firing position. But it doesn't take kindly to too much vibration...

MIKE: We're going to be travelling through bumpy back lanes, Mr Carr! We can't travel by the main roads for security reasons. That truck's going to be shaking itself like a jelly.

MR CARR: Yes, I know.

MIKE: So that's why you were in such a hurry to get the thing off your hands!

MR CARR: I kept asking the Minister for more time. I wanted to perfect the firing circuits.

MIKE: So the whole thing's likely to go sky high, is that it?

MR CARR: Not if you're very careful...

MIKE: How careful do you think we can be - out in the open countryside??

MR CARR: Take it slow and easy, Captain. (DEFENSIVELY) It is a very effective weapon.

MIKE: (BITTERLY) I'll let you know about that!

He turns away from MR CARR and calls to SERGEANT BENTON.

MIKE: Sergeant, it'll be you and I up in that truck. Tell the escort to keep their distance.

He points to MR CARR, who has retreated some distance from the truck.

MIKE: Just like he's doing.

BENTON: Anything wrong, sir?

MIKE: Oh, nothing much. Only that this thing is about as brittle as a cracked egg, that's all!

SERGEANT BENTON's eyes widen.

MIKE: Let's get moving.

The SERGEANT signals to the SOLDIERS. They clamber into the jeep. However, two of them mount up on a couple of motorbikes. MIKE and the SERGEANT get into the driving cab of the truck. Suddenly, MIKE freezes with cold anticipation - as the motorbikes start up with a roar. MR CARR winces visibly. He wipes his brow with a handkerchief. MIKE and the SERGEANT exchange glances. The SERGEANT gets behind the wheel. MIKE sits in the passenger seat. He waves the convoy on. The big truck's engine starts with a shudder. MIKE looks up to the sky. The truck moves off with a bit of a jerk.

The outriders flank the truck and the jeep takes up the rear. The convoy moves slowly and cautiously out of the Weapons Research Establishment - much to MR CARR's relief.

CUT OR MIX TO:

33. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON, LATER.

MAILER AND THE TRUSTIE HAVE BROUGHT JO AND DR SUMMERS BACK TO THE CORRIDOR SCENE AS PER SC 29 EARLIER.

MAILER IS TRYING TO USE ONE OF THE PHONES IN THE CORRIDOR - BUT THE LINE TO THAT IS CUT, TOO. HE SLAMS DOWN THE RECEIVER IN DISGUST.

MAILER: (TO THE TRUSTIE) Oh, yeah, you did a good job on the phones, alright, didn't you?

TRUSTIE: Well, you said fix em, Harry.

MAILER: You could've left one working. How am I supposed to get through to the Governor and tell him about our hostages?

DR SUMMERS: Listen, Mailer - why don't you let Miss Grant go...

MAILER: Grow up, Doc. You ain't worth all that much to me - but think of the fuss there'd be outside if she was to get it, eh? Oh, no, as long as I've got her - dead or alive - I'm laughing, mate. (TO JO) And you remember what I've said, luv. Dead or alive. It don't matter one way or the other - just as long as they think you're alive up in the Governor's office.

HE PUTS THE BARREL OF THE GUN RIGHT UP AGAINST HER CHIN THREATENINGLY.

CUT TO:

TK 6. Conference Building. Day.

To re establish location.

34. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, LONDON, LATER

THE BRIGADIER AND SOME OF HIS MEN ARE CHECKING OVER THE CONFERENCE ROOM, MAKING SURE THAT ALL SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS ARE IN ORDER. IN THE B.G. VARIOUS AIDES ARE BUSTLING ABOUT. THE DOCTOR LOOKS ON SOURLY, AS THE BRIGADIER CHECKS UNDER THE TABLE.

DR WHO: If anyone wanted to blow up this Conference, I doubt if they'd be stupid enough to plant their bomb under there, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Just checking.

DR WHO: They'd be much more subtle about destroying it.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

DR WHO: We should have had more news from Stangmoor by now.

BRIGADIER: Headquarters'll put the call straight through to here when it comes, Doctor.

*(We can do you a nice line in Hokkien - but Russian defeats us - for the moment!)

THE DOCTOR GOES OVER TO A RUSSIAN AIDE AND BEGINS TO CHAT TO HIM IN FLUENT RUSSIAN. *

CUT TO:

35. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME TIME.

THE ROOM IS EMPTY. HOLD FOR A MOMENT OR TWO. THEN THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY - AND CHIN LEE COMES IN. SHE COMES RIGHT INTO THE CENTRE - STOPS AND PUTS HER HANDS UP TO HER TEMPLES AND GRIMACES WITH PAIN. WE HEAR THE THROBBING NOISE VERY FAINTLY. CHIN LEE DROPS HER HANDS DOWN AND THAT STRANGE, DISTANT LOOK COMES OVER HER FACE. SHE MOVES TO THE TELEPHONE - AND LIFTS THE RECEIVER.

CHIN LEE: (INTO THE PHONE) Hallo, reception? Can you tell me if the American Delegate has left for the Conference yet? No? Good. Put me through to his suite, please. (PAUSE) Hallo, is the American Delegate there, please. This is Captain Chin Lee of the Chinese People's Delegation, I must speak to Senator Alcott urgently. Thank you.

CUT TO:

36. INT. UTILITY. TELEPHONE BACKING.
SAME TIME.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATE, SENATOR ALCOTT PICKS UP THE PHONE.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCES 35 AND 36 AS REQUIRED.

ALCOTT: Hallo, this is Senator Alcott.

CHIN LEE: Captain Chin Lee here, Senator.

ALCOTT: Yes, Captain - but you'll have to hurry - I'm just about to leave for the Conference Building...

CHIN LEE: This is a matter of the utmost importance, Senator. Comrade Fu Peng wishes to see you immediately - and wonders if you could come to our suite?

ALCOTT: Now?

CHIN LEE: It vitally concerns the talks. He wishes to assure you that it is to your country's advantage.

ALCOTT: Well, seeing as you're just down the corridor...

CHIN LEE: He asks that you come alone - the subject is most secret.

ALCOTT: Okay, Captain. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes - but you understand that this is all highly irregular...

CHIN LEE: Our earnest apologies, Senator.

AND CHIN LEE REPLACES THE RECEIVER SLOWLY.

CUT TO:

37. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS SPEAKING INTO A WALL PHONE. THE DOCTOR IS AT HIS SHOULDER.

BRIGADIER: (INTO THE PHONE) ...You're certain it was her...

DR WHO: Stangmoor ?

BRIGADIER: (ASIDE) No. Captain Chin Lee has turned up again. (INTO PHONE) Keep your eyes open - and await further orders.

HE REPLACES THE RECEIVER.

DR WHO: Where is she ?

BRIGADIER: The Duty Guard has just seen her go into the Chinese Delegate's suite.

DR WHO: Come on, let's go over and see her.

BRIGADIER: The Delegates are about to assemble. I can't leave here. This is your job - you go and see her.

THE DOCTOR TURNS AND MAKES FOR THE DOOR QUICKLY.

BRIGADIER: (CALLS AFTER HIM) But I don't think she speaks Hokkien, Doctor.

BUT THE DOCTOR HAS VANISHED.

CUT TO:

38. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME TIME.

CHIN LEE IS STILL STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM, COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS. SHE STARES AT THE DOOR. ESTABLISH. THEN THERE IS A KNOCK.

CHIN LEE: Come in.

THE DOOR OPENS AND SENATOR ALCOTT BUSTLES IN. HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND COMES FORWARD.

ALCOTT: May I ask what all this is about, Captain ?

CHIN LEE: Of course.

ALCOTT: And where is Mr Fu Peng ?

CHIN LEE: He will be here soon.

WE HEAR THE LOW THROBBING SOUND.

ALCOTT: Listen, I don't have the time to...
(HE PUTS A HAND UP TO HIS EAR AND
SHAKES HIS HEAD) Hey, have you left some
electric gadget running... I can hear this
buzzing noise...

AND NOW CHIN LEE BEGINS MOVING SLOWLY,
VERY SLOWLY TOWARDS ALCOTT.

ALCOTT: Sort of throbbing...

FROM ALCOTT'S P.O.V.: CHIN LEE'S IMAGE
BEGINS TO WAVER BEFORE HIS EYES. HE
PUTS HIS HANDS UP TO HIS TEMPLES.

ALCOTT: It's - it's hot in here... Hey,
what's happening...?

AND NOW, AS CHIN LEE GETS CLOSER, HER
WHOLE IMAGE BEGINS TO DISTORT VIOLENTLY.
ALCOTT'S EYES OPEN WIDE WITH ALARM.

ALCOTT: (PANICKY) Get back - you hear
me... Get back...

HOLD ON ALCOTT'S P.O.V. OF CHIN LEE:
OVER HER ENTIRE FIGURE A HORRIFIC,
TERRIFYING CHINESE DEVIL-MASK IS FORM-
ING, SUSPENDED IN THE AIR BEFORE HIM.
ITS EYES BLAZING FEARFULLY, ITS MOUTH
OPENING AS THOUGH TO DEVOUR HIM. CHIN
LEE HERSELF HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR-
ED.

ALCOTT SCREAMS AS THE NIGHTMARE
MONSTER BLOTS OUT EVERYTHING ELSE
IN FRONT OF HIM. IT SWOOPS IN TO ATTACK
HIM. HE GASPS VIOLENTLY - AND CLUTCHES
AT HIS CHEST. HE SINKS TO HIS KNEES
AS THE DEVIL-MASK TOWERS OVER HIM
APPALLINGLY...

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.